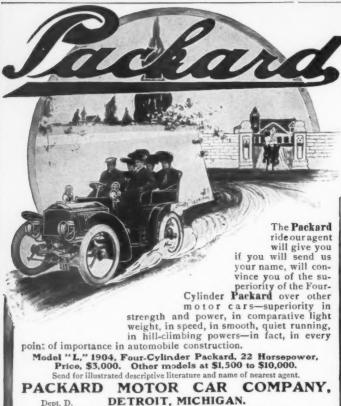
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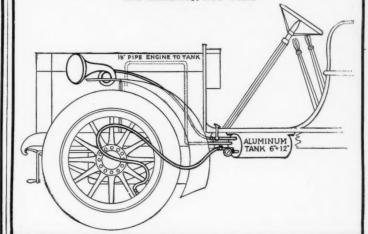
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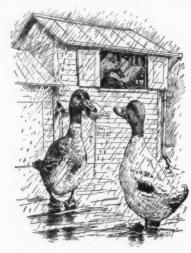
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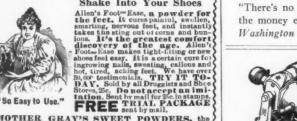
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GOOD story of a sharp Justice of the Peace was told at the Galt House last tht by J. L. Powhatan, of Chicago.

"It chanced," said Mr. Powhatan, "that this estice of the Peace lived in a little town in a recess of Tennessee. He was the only Reblican in the district, yet he happened, by me trick of fortune, to hold office.

"At length, when political excitement had ched an unwonted pitch, a project was med to oust him from his office and put in Democrat.

The election was held in an old distillery, d the ballot box was a large gourd. The Squire was early on the scene, clad in the ighest of clothes.

"'Fellow citizens,' he said, 'I want to make u a short speech.'

"The audience having agreed, he accordingly ounted a barrel-magnanimously determined 'rise above all party issues and appeal to ate pride and patriotism.'

"'Fellow citizens,' he said, 'I've benn aokin' round here to see plain enough what's goin' on. I know what you want. I've been ustice of the Peace here goin' on twenty years, n' a good many times I've saved many of you om goin' to the penitentiary, an' now you're yin' to put me out of office.

"But I just want to tell you something. I've t the Constitution and the laws of the State Tennessee in my pocket, and just as sure as u turn me out of office I'll burn 'em upame me if I don't-and you may all go to in together.'

The effect of the speech was overwhelming. he ruin threatener was elected by a handsome ajority. To be in a State without a Constiation and laws was too great a calamity to be ought of."-Louisville Herald.

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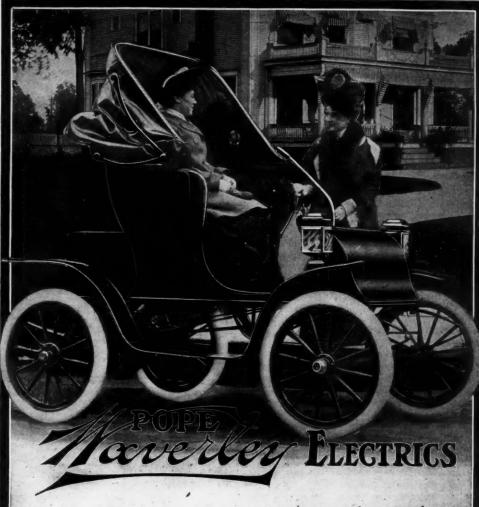
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MR. WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY asserts that his purpose in publishing The Ballads of Bourbonnais (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) is to preserve the dialect of the Illinois French-Canadians. He has certainly contrived to be amusing while pursuing this worthy object. The French, it will be recalled, first came down to this part of the State in 1835, settling at Kankakee. The colony to-day, scattered in a number of towns, numbers about seven thousand. Bourbonnais, with its five hundred inhabitants, is typically French, with not a single American resident. As an example of the quaint English spoken by these people, and of Mr. Amsbary's wit, we may quote these stanzas delivered as a toast at a banquet in honor of Mr. Opie Read at the Press Club of Chicago, May 2, 1902:

Dis language Anglaise dat day spe'k,
On State of Illinois,
Is hard for Frenchman heem to learn,
It give me moch annoy.
Las' we'k ma frien', McGoverane,
He com' to me an' say,
You mak' a toas' on Opie Read
W'en dey geeve gran' banquay.

I mak' a toas'? Not on your life.
Dat man's one frien' of me;
W'at for I warm heem up lak' toas'
De reason I can't see.
An' den John laugh out on hees eye
W'en he is to me say:
"To mak' a toas' is not a roas':
It's just de odder way."

Dat's how I learn dat toas' an' roas'
Is call by different name.
Dough bot' are warm in dere own way,
Dere far from mean de same.
An' so, ma frien', in lof' I clasp
Your gr'ad beeg brawny han',
An' share vit you in fellowship
An' pay you on deman'.

You're built upon a ver' large plan,
Overe seex feet you rise;
You need it all to shelter in
Your heart dat's double size.
You are too broad for narrow t'ings,
You gr'ad for any creed;
I'll eat de roas', but drink de toas'
To ma frien', Opie Read.

-Evening Post.

A T a certain mine in the Tarkwa District, Gold Coast Colony, the doctor fell sick and went home, and pending the arrival of his successor the manager, who evidently thought that acquaintance with glass-stoppered bottles implied a knowledge of drugs, handed over the care of the surgery to the assayer. A friend from a neighboring mine, calling in to see the assayer, found that he had arranged all his bottles on three long shelves, marked respectively: "Useless," "Dangerous," and "Fatal." "You see, old man," he remarked, by way of explanation, "I tried them on the bally niggers, and classified 'em accordingly."—Sporting Times.

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York

PERHAPS a share of that Carnegie fund should go to the hero who brings out the season's first straw hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE latest person to deplore and denounce the vanity and ostentation of women is Professor Herbert J. Davenport, of Chicago University. "The force that wheels the babies about in the unappreciated glory of gorgeous equipages," says Mr. Davenport, "denies to children the right to go barefoot that the parents may not be ashamed. For a like reason it keeps them in their Sunday clothes, when they were happier and healthier in dirty; determines the marriage preparations and imposes the attendant donation party; determines the quality of our dress goods, the name of our tailor, the cut of our collars, the shape of our shoes, the length of our beard; prescribes for womennow wings on her shoulders, and again, for other decorative purposes, bustles, humps, and balloons, the straight front, the baggy waist, the tortured walk; empties our pocketbooks in order that our wardrobes may be filled with exhibition garments; makes half our garments unwearable when not yet outworn; compels us to be ashamed of our poverty, and yet allows us no joy of our riches; and when all the weariness is done buries us in one final crash and blare of ostentatious effrontery. We waste our wealth. That which was once comfort has become privation by comparison. The cloth that once went with elegance is now the badge of poverty; the cheaper would answer our purpose equally well if only others had not the dearer. Splendor, no matter how much it has cost, is not splendor when it has become general; so material progress, in the way in which we use it, mostly cancels itself in a strife for precedence, and leaves behind it weariness, disillusionment, and envy; our energies are wasted in a general, and therefore fruitless ministry to vanity. All may as well stand still as run in an equal race; when things are measured by comparatives and averages, scramble and scrabble count for nothing but exhaustion. beautiful or graceful fashion, if once attained, is safe to stay. If grace and simplicity come as fashions, they go as fashions. The greed of novelty leaves the beautiful behind as antiquated, to be succeeded by the ugliness of hoops and humps and wings. Furniture changes in varieties of material and into new grotesquenesses of pattern; houses from all styles in succession to a nightmare in misjoinder of styles. From champagne to plumes of slaughtered birds, from skunk-skins to jewelry, there is nothing permanent but novelty, no custom but change."

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Help me not to cry for the moon or over spilled milk; to manage my physical constitution and my practical affairs discreetly; never to dramatize my spiritual discomforts.

Grant me neither to proffer nor to welcome cheap praise; to disting 'ish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

Deliver me from emotional excess. Deliver me from atrophy of the emotions.

When it is appointed me to suffer, let me, so far as may humanly be possible, take example from the dear, well-bred beasts, and go away quietly, to bear my suffering by myself.

Let me not dwell in the outer whirlwind of things and events; guide me, rather, to the Central Calm, and grant

that I may abide therein. Give me, nevertheless, to be always a good comrade, and to view the passing show with an eye constantly growing keener, a charity broadening and deepening day by day.

Help me to win, if win I may; but—and this, O Powers! especially—if I may not win, make me a good loser.

Vouchsafe me not to estrange the other me at my elbow; suffer not my primal light to wane; and grant that I may carry my cup brimming, yet unspilled, to the last. Amen.

Eliza Atkins Stone.

#### Men in Society.

IT is true that women do most of the talking in polite society.

Are men, then, stupid?

By no means. Men are interested rather in money and stomachs, which may not be mentioned in polite society, than in scandal and clothes, which may.

"CARNEGIE is giving away a lot, isn't he?"
"Yes indeed. If he keeps on, he'll be getting down to the money he really earned."

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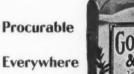
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MR. WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY asserts that his purpose in publishing The Ballads of Bourbonnais (Bobbs-Merrill (o.) is to preserve the dialect of the Illinois French-Canadians. He has certainly contrived to be amusing while pursuing this worthy object. The French, it will be recalled, first came down to this part of the State in 1835, settling at Kankakee. The colony to-day, scattered in a number of towns, numbers about seven thousand. Bourbonnais, with its five hundred inhabitants, is typically French, with not a single American resident. As an example of the quaint English spoken by these people, and of Mr. Amsbary's wit, we may quote these stanzas delivered as a toast at a banquet in honor of Mr. Opie Read at the Press Club of Chicago, May 2, 1902:

Dis language Anglaise dat day spe'k,
On State of Illinois,
Is hard for Frenchman heem to learn,
It give me moch annoy.
Las' we'k ma frien', McGoverane,
He com' to me an' say,
You mak' a toas' on Opie Read
W'en dey geeve gran' banquay.

I mak' a toas'? Not on your life.
Dat man's one frien' of me;
W'at for I warm heem up lak' toas'
De reason I can't see.
An' den John laugh out on hees eye
W'en he is to me say;
"To mak' a toas' is not a roas';
It's just de odder way,"

Dat's how I learn dat toas' an' roas'
Is call by different name.
Dough bot' are warm in dere own way,
Dere far from mean de same.
An' so, ma frien', in lof' I clasp
Your gr'ad beeg brawny han',
An' share vit you in fellowship
An' pay you on deman'.

You're built upon a ver' large plan,
Overe seex feet you rise;
You need it all to shelter in
Your heart dat's double size.
You are too broad for narrow t'ings,
You gr'ad for any creed;
I'll eat de roas', but drink de toas'
To ma frien', Opie Read.

-Evening Post.

A T a certain mine in the Tarkwa District, Gold Coast Colony, the doctor fell sick and went home, and pending the arrival of his successor the manager, who evidently thought that acquaintance with glass-stoppered bottles implied a knowledge of drugs, handed over the care of the surgery to the assayer. A friend from a neighboring mine, calling in to see the assayer, found that he had arranged all his bottles on three long shelves, marked respectively: "Useless," "Dangerous," and "Fatal." "You see, old man," he remarked, by way of explanation, "I tried them on the bally niggers, and classified 'em accordingly."—Sporting Times.

PERHAPS a share of that Carnegie fund should go to the hero who brings out the season's first straw hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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In a recent issue of "Collier's Weekly" Mr. Norman Hapgood replied to Mr. Andrew Lang's recent criticism of "Chicago humor." Among other things, he said:

"I wish he would obtain and study McCutcheon's new book, 'Bird Center Cartoons.' . . . They are full of a fidelity of detail which would give the English critic much information that he lacks."

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THE latest person to deplore and denounce the vanity and ostentation of women is Professor Herbert J. Davenport, of Chicago University. "The force that wheels the babies about in the unappreciated glory of gorgeous equipages," says Mr. Davenport, "denies to children the right to go barefoot that the parents may not be ashamed. For a like reason it keeps them in their Sunday clothes, when they were happier and healthier in dirty; determines the marriage preparations and imposes the attendant donation party; determines the quality of our dress goods, the name of our tailor, the cut of our collars, the shape of our shoes, the length of our beard; prescribes for womennow wings on her shoulders, and again, for other decorative purposes, bustles, humps, and balloons, the straight front, the baggy waist, the tortured walk; empties our pocketbooks in order that our wardrobes may be filled with exhibition garments; makes half our garments unwearable when not yet outworn; compels us to be ashamed of our poverty, and yet allows us no joy of our riches; and when all the weariness is done buries us in one final crash and blare of ostentatious effrontery. We waste our wealth. That which was once comfort has become privation by comparison. The cloth that once went with elegance is now the badge of poverty; the cheaper would answer our purpose equally well if only others had not the dearer. Splendor, no matter how much it has cost, is not splendor when it has become general; so material progress, in the way in which we use it, mostly cancels itself in a strife for precedence, and leaves behind it weariness, disillusionment, and envy; our energies are wasted in a general, and therefore fruitless ministry to vanity. All may as well stand still as run in an equal race; when things are measured by comparatives and averages, scramble and scrabble count for nothing but exhaustion. No beautiful or graceful fashion, if once attained, is safe to stay. If grace and simplicity come as fashions, they go as fashions. The greed of novelty leaves the beautiful behind as antiquated, to be succeeded by the ugliness of hoops and humps and wings. Furniture changes in varieties of material and into new grotesquenesses of pattern; houses from all styles in succession to a nightmare in misjoinder of styles. From champagne to plumes of slaughtered birds, from skunk-skins to jewelry, there is nothing permanent but novelty, no custom but change."

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## LIFE



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O POWERS That Be, make me sufficient to my own occasions. Teach me to know and to observe the Rules of the Game. Give me to mind my own business at all times and to lose no good opportunity of holding my tongue. Let me never lack proper pride or a due sense of humor. Preserve, oh, preserve me from growing stodgy and unimaginative.

Help me not to cry for the moon or over spilled milk; to manage my physical constitution and my practical affairs discreetly; never to dramatize my spiritual discomforts.

Grant me neither to proffer nor to welcome cheap praise; to distinguish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

Deliver me from emotional excess. Deliver me from atrophy of the emotions.

When it is appointed me to suffer, let me, so far as may humanly be possible, take example from the dear, well-bred beasts, and go away quietly, to bear my suffering by myself.

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"CARNEGIE is giving away a lot, isn't he?"
"Yes indeed. If he keeps on, he'll be getting down to the money he really earned."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLIII. JUNE 2, 1904. No. 1127
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THE abandonment of its poolroom service in New York, and finally of the whole business of reporting horse races, by the Western Union Telegraph Company, is a very interesting instance of a great corporation brought to a realization of misconduct and constrained to reform. The business was very profitable-is said, indeed, to have produced an income of

five millions a year.

The only trouble with it was that it abetted a species of gambling which has been forbidden by law because of its demoralizing effect upon the public. That a little thing like a statute, when earnestly pressed by the District Attornev's office, and backed by all the newspapers and an aroused public opinion, should actually come between a corporation and an appreciable fraction of its earnings, is a wonderful thing, and fit to give real encouragement to folks who think the laws ought to be enforced even when they interfere with the profits of business. The Western Union backed down because some of its directors were not willing to be in partnership with gamblers and felons, and because the rest of its directors could not stand having it known that they were parties to so disreputable an alliance. A vast number of other corporations would undoubtedly correct many details of their methods of doing business, if those methods could be brought to public notice with equal success. A great many directors don't know what their managers are about; a great many don't want to know, and a great many more don't want any one else to know.



THE Supreme Court has unanimously agreed that Turner, the gentle but loquacious Anarchist, who was seized for deportation by the Ellis Island authorities, was lawfully and constitutionally fit to be excluded from our shores. It is a comfort to have a unanimous opinion from the Supreme Court on any subject touching the Constitution, and there is very little criticism of its action in Turner's case. He is an avowed Anarchist, though in public he avoids endorsing assassination, preferring to seem to keep an open mind on that point. The Court held that the new law for the exclusion of Anarchists was constitutional and applied to Turner. It also intimated its opinion that the law was a proper law, and that no flowers should be sent. Turner, who was released on bail, has already gone back to England, and will not be inconvenienced by the decision against him.





ONE of the delightful things in contemporary politics is the campaign of Joseph Folk in Missouri. Folk stands for the enforcement of the laws. There is no issue more important, and none more neglected. He has made a tremendous fight in his own party, and his campaign for the Democratic nomination for Governor has been hot, bitter and exceedingly well disputed. There seems to be no doubt at this writing that he will win it, and be elected Governor, if he runs. The only thing suggested as liable to prevent his running is that he may go on the Democratic Presidential ticket. He is too young for that. It would not do, but there will be a howl of satisfaction from all over the Union when he is nominated for Governor of Missourl. The country needs a crop of young Democratic politicians of his sort, and to see one coming up here and there is a joyful sight.

Here in New York we have a pretty good young man in Mayor McClellan, So far as he can, he is giving us good government, and it is far more than a government of good intentions. Not everything he does is commended some persons think he should have vetoed the Remsen bill-but he stands exceedingly well with the people of the city, and if there are serious complaints about him they must be inside of Tammany Hall, for outside of it one does not hear them. He seems, like Folk, to be a man whose hands it is worth while to hold up. If he runs for Governor of New York, he will be a hard man to beat.



FOLK will be thirty-five on October 28. McClellan will be thirty-nine on November 23. Both are legally eligible as candidates for the Presidency so far as age goes, but neither is really old enough. When Roosevelt was elected Vice-President he was forty-two. He is nearly forty-six now, and is not considered to be suffering from over-maturity. There is very little moss on him. Other qualifications aside, it would be easier to beat him with a man over sixty than with one under forty. Judge Parker is a very proper man of a very proper age, and there is little talk just now of any other Democratic candidate but him. But there is not much talk of him. He is the most take-him-or-leave-him candidate that ever was brought out. The only strong objection made to him is that he is a Judge, and that the Bench should not be dragged into active politics. But there is no enthusiasm for him yet, and there can't be till he comes out into the open. You can cheer for a man, but not for an affidavit, and Judge Parker's candidacy, so far, is the candidacy of an affidavit. If he felt at liberty to come out and swing his hat, no doubt there would be noise, but he doesn't, and his scruples prove him to be at least a fit Judge.

#### Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE VISITING AUNT AND THE "DOUGH."

WENN ower ant vizzets us pop sez i hope
U wont foarget sheez rich ann i sez

Ann thenn he sez uwanto rekolekt
Shee may leev sumthin wenn shee dize, i

Shee aint so much too look att butt uno Ure looks dont mater wenn uve gott the doe. So wenn she kum i kawld her ante deer Butt mi wot cloas shee hadd, shee lookt so

I almos lafft rite in her fase. pop took Her things ann sez wi ant how yung u look.

Pop took her kote ann maw shee took her hatt

Ann awl thay sedd wuz ante thisanthat. Thenn afturwile shee helld me on her nee Ann sez wot a deer boy heez grone too bee. Maw sez the deer boy koodunt hardly wate Too see u wenn he hurd his deer ant kait Wuz kummin on a vizzet too us, mi I never hurd maw tel so bigg a li. Thenn ante sez wi do u luv me so Ann i sez wi becuz uve gott the doe.

O mi shee gott up in ann offul huf Ann sez shee ges sheed stade thair long enuf. Maw tride to argew but shee sez no ruth Uno awl fools ann childurn tel the trooth. Pop wuz redhedded wenn maw tolled him

I sedd ann he sez thair umita gott Her munny wenn she dide butt now uve went Ann dun it ann ule never git a sent. Its awlrite to luv peepul fur thair doe Butt goodnessakesalive dont tel um so.

J. W. Foley.

DASHAWAY: Did you kiss Miss Pinkerly's face?

CLEVERTON: Oh, no - her complexion.





APOLLO STEDMAN AT THE FOUNTAIN OF PARNASSUS.

#### Poems.

POEMS are of three kinds: magazine poems, tone poems, and gowns.

Magazine poems have distinct raisons d'etre. There is always unconscious idiocy seeking expression. Besides, the space between stories is often too large for a tail-piece and too small for an illustration, whereupon it is a poem or nothing; and nothing, while it has its points of superiority, is typographically ineffective.

A tone poem is the Pierian Spring escaping through a slide trombone, with any kind of a seat at five dollars.

In the opinion of some sober critics, gewns are quite as dithyrambic in form as they would be had Walt Whitman been a milliner. They follow no rule of construction further than that they look best on women who can least afford them.

Poem was originally a Greek word, meaning merely a thing made. A thing made to order is a later significance.













IN LOVE'S













#### A Literary Nightmare.

WITH the assistance of Welsh rarebit and cream puffs, I was ushered into a large hall hung with Crusaders. Many were the figures in the quaint old room, but so large were its baronial dimensions that no one complained of the crowding, and no mention was made of rush seats,

although the floor was strewn with them. I felt a little timid, for the people seemed to belong to the first families, dating from Charlemagne to the Pilgrims, and many were the weird oaths that came from the uncosy corners. But a merry-eyed gentleman, somewhat more modern than most of the warriors, explained hurriedly:

"Don't be alarmed! It's only an indignation meeting. We're tired

of the way we're being written up. My name is Mr. Paul Jones—late of several navies—personally known to both George the Third and George the First—of the White House. Is there any one here that you'd like to know?"

"Thanks. I'll just look around a bit first," I said feebly. "Who are those two gentlemen who seem to be enjoying each other's jokes so immensely?"

"Oh! There's no real harm in them. They are Louis XIV. and Charles II. They have just lately joined our Anti-Authors' Association. They heard that they were to be written up for Sunday-school literature, and Charles declared that he wouldn't stand it. He said he'd

done nothing to deserve being put with the Elsie books."

"Is his father-Charles the First-here? I always felt

very sorry for him."

"He hasn't been asked to join. You see he's not been used very much. He wouldn't make a good heading. He feels rather cut up about it. But I am decidedly overworked. Even women novelists have joined in the pursuit, and I'm disgusted with the whole business. A man can't be dead in peace." Just then a knight of immense stature ascended the dais.

"Who is that?" I inquired eagerly.

"That is Cœur de Lion. He is the president of our association. Faust is the secretary, and his books are beautifully kept." The worthy knight pounded vigorously with a battle-ax, and a silence fell upon the members.

"We are resolved," he said, with a decidedly French accent, "to visit the sons of men for the foul play we have received in their works. It has been recommended by our committee that, in return for the perjury of the modern

author, we, as ghostly visitants, shall haunt their evening paths until the historical novel shall be no more."

"But won't there be some little difficulties about arranging for our absence?" asked Cleopatra, as she leaned coquettishly towards the President.

"The matter of furlough has been properly disposed of," said Faust, cheerfully. "Of course, we'll be on parole. But I don't think there'll be any fear of our not wishing to return."

"The secretary will now read the list of appointments," announced Richard, as he playfully flung a steel gauntlet at Mary Tudor.

"Queen Elizabeth is to haunt the home of John Kendrick Bangs during the month of August next."

"That's ruff on John," commented Charles the Second. But Elizabeth swore violently, and said she preferred to stay where she was. However, Sir Walter Raleigh promised to accompany her if he could get an appointment for the same time, and she became more cheerful.

"It shall go hard with me," said the stately Queen, "if I

do not make the youth's hair curl."

"Then," continued Richard, "there is a vacancy. Would any one care to haunt Mr. Kipling? How would you like it, Horatio?"

"He doesn't really deserve it, your Majesty," said Nelson, wearily. "He lets us alone. Then, he is so horribly active. We'd never know where to haunt him."

"Well-here is Anthony Hope."

"Let me go," said Nell Gwynne, eagerly; "he wrote about a friend of mine in a most unkindly way."

"If you'll promise not to laugh," said Richard, sternly; "a giggling ghost wouldn't answer our purpose."

"If you'll let *me* go with her," said Cromwell, and Charles the Second scowled fiercely. Richard medi-



"Reviving his matrimonial experiences."

tated for a moment.

"Yes, I think you'll keep her quiet. And, by the way, Oliver, while you're up there, you might as well make a call on our friend, President Roosevelt. I believe that he wrote something about your little ways. Give him my regards, will you? And, Raleigh, if you're determined to play the cavalier to Elizabeth, you may take a glance at Miss Mary Johnston. She's beginning to worry us. Now, what's the matter, Henry? We're coming to you."

"Ah!" said He of the White Plume, "it's time that Henry of Navarre had a hearing."

"You're to visit Stanley Weyman," said Richard, sooth-

"Yes—and a Miss Bertha Something, who has been talking through my hat—I mean helmet."

"Oh! she's only a young thing. She didn't mean to hurt you."

"I intend to stop it at once," said Henry, firmly. "This kind of thing can be arrested if you take it in time."

#### · LIFE ·

"How unhistorical their language is," I whispered to Mr. Paul Jones.

"They're trying to talk like the novelists," he explained. "Occasionally they use 'gadzooks' and 'methinks,' but they prefer their own style, as explained by the modern author."

"But where are they going to send you?" I asked.

"I don't know yet, but I'm afraid that-"

"Commodore Paul Jones will compass Mr. Winston Churchill with ghostly observances," said Richard, with a courtly bow.

"I might have known it," groaned my friend. "Well, I'll make him wish he had let me alone. He's made me the fashion, and now two New England women have me in their clutches. I'll give him a song and war-dance with cutlass accompaniment." Here there was a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, each of whom wished to haunt a certain Moore.

"But both of you can't go," said Richard. "I think you had better set forth alone, Samuel. I wouldn't trust Goldsmith to come back. He would meet with other spirits and forget all about us."

"The business is almost over," said Mr. Jones in confidence; "we're going to have a little dry refreshment after this. I know you'd like to meet some of the others. There's Henry the Eighth, for instance. He's very amusing and original. They say he spends a good deal of his leisure traveling around the United States reviving some of his old matrimonial experiences."

"I-I don't think I should care for him," I said in alarm; "there's something so headstrong about him."

"But he's quite amiable, I assure you, and he and several of his wives are on the best of terms. They're not all here, you know."

"I think I should rather meet Sir Walter Raleigh."

"He's in the smoking-room just now. But he'll return as soon as the music begins. We have a few airs from Wagner every evening. We're obliged to; it's a part-part of the game. Richard is a rather good hand at it. He and Blondin give us a duet occasionally. But since we've formed this association we've taken death more seriously. It's an awful thing to be a hero."

"Who is that sad-looking gentleman in the corner?"

"He? Poor chap! He's been clubbed until he has become completely depressed. His name's Shakespeare, but he doesn't know whether he's himself or a syndicate. He says he isn't to blame for all he's credited Then he's roasted awfully about Bacon. He's thinking of sending a fireproof letter to the Times about it. But you have no idea how strongly we feel about the historical novel. If you have any influence, you might -"

But here the spell of Welsh rarebit



DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENT TO A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

was broken, and I had to leave before Sir Walter Raleigh returned from the smoking-room. 1. G.

#### Next!

THE man who had just rescued a mother and her child from a burning building shouldered his way through the applauding crowd and took his stand in front of the cashier's window in the Carnegie Hero Fund Build-

"What number?" asked the man within the window.

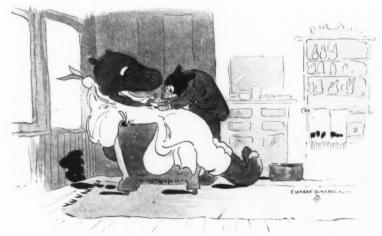
"Hero No. 18,261; number of heroic deed, 12; rescue of woman and child from burning house."

He produced his badge, and the cashier took the numbers.

Stifling a yawn, the clerk shoved the man the amount prescribed in such cases. The hero counted the money carefully, pocketed it, and moved away, with an eye out for No. 13.

#### Meanest Railroad Contest.

THE winner of the Meanest Railroad Contest is Albert C. Fulton, Kennebunk, Maine, whose contribution, Number Sixteen, on the Erie Railroad, was pronounced the best by the judges.



The Dentist: DEAR ME! HOW LONG SINCE YOUR MOUTH WAS EXPLORED?

#### ·LIFE ·

#### Heart to Heart Talks.

By W. J. BRAYON.

Dear Children: I don't suppose there is a little boy or girl here who hasn't heard of me, or that I am called the silver-tongued orator of the West. But you also know, dear little ones, if you have studied mineralogy, that in order to produce the loudest noise, silver always has to be mixed with brass, and that is my case. So I want you all to remember, if you wish to succeed, to throw in a little brass. Silver is good, dear children, but brass is better, especially if it comes from Nebraska.

I hope there isn't any one of you who feels sorry for me because there are some people who think I am a sort of Presidential public nuisance, because to be truly great one must advertise himself in every way possible, and there are always some finicky folks who dislike too much of an over-advertised article. In my case, these folks happen to be what are called the regular Democrats. Now, does any little boy or girl know the difference between a regular and an irregular Democrat? No? Well, dearies, a regular Democrat is one who holds office when the G. O. P. gets tired, and an irregular Democrat doesn't have to hold office at all, because, if he is like me, he can make enough money by his lonesome. That is one of the secrets of success, dear little boys and girls. If you can't all be President, flock by your lonesome and start

Remember that, to succeed, it is not always necessary to accomplish your desire. I have always felt that Free Silver was the only thing worth living for, and yet, as a true friend to the workingman, I have managed to tolerate the gold standard enough to keep about half a million between me and the wolf at the door. Never let the wolf at the door get the best of you, my dears, as long as you have a tongue. Be a Socialist and a friend of the workingman, if you will, but put money in thy purse.

And now I must leave you and go and try to learn how to ride a donkey. You may all come and watch me if you like, as I don't care how many are looking on, even if I don't have any luck. This donkey is a peculiar animal, my dears, and very tricky. I tried to get on his back several years ago, but I didn't stay. And what do you suppose he did? Why, he went off in a corner and laid down. But I'm in hopes he will get up soon and give me another chance.

In the meantime, never pay more than a Mexican dollar for your dinner, and take everything that comes your way. When you make a bet, always have the odds sixteen to one. Resist not evil, a chance to talk, or a good offer. And if at first you don't succeed in riding the donkey, try, try again.

T. M.

#### Special.

ST. PETERSBURG, via Sandwich, Greenwich and Timbuctoo, May 25.—Popular feeling is at fever-heat because of the cowardly and inhuman conduct of the Japanese in the recent blowing up administered to Admiral Trolleyoff's fleet. Advices from Port Arthur are that the Russians were asleep when attacked, and no warning whatever had been sent them of the enemy's intentions.

A Russian general has written a letter home, in which he rebukes the Japanese in no uncertain terms for their cruelty in making attacks upon the Russians while the latter are not looking.

The Czar, the Czarina, the Czarevitch, the Czarowsky and the Czaroff spent yesterday in the imperial image house. A sacred croquet ball has been sent to the front with an imperial escort, and great Russian victories are expected to follow its arrival in the Far East,



" Throw in a little brass."

#### LIFE'S GUIDE TO SUMMER READING.

It is quite evident that the first man who wrote a book had something to say to his fellows. It is equally evident that the second man who wrote a book may have been similarly inspired, or may have merely obeyed his simian instincts. From which premises we deduce the following simple classification of writers:

Those who have something to say and the skill to say it well.

Those who have nothing to say and the skill to hide the fact.

Those who have the matter but not the manner.

Those who are mere sufferers from *cacoethes scribendi* — the writers' itch.

Summer is at hand, and many readers will soon be longing for many books. To these many, Life once more offers a few suggestions drawn from the publications of the past twelve months, and believes that, each in its own way, the following volumes give their authors some claim to be classed in the first of these four divisions.

#### NOVELS.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James. (Harper and Brothers.)

Anne Carmel, By Gwendolen Overton, (The Macmillan Company.)

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (The Macmillan Company.)

Colonel Carter's Christmas. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Daphne; An Autumn Pastoral, By Mrs. Margaret Sherwood. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

The Deliverance, By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

The Grey Cloak. By Harold MacGrath. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (The Macmillan Company.)

His Little World. By Samuel Merwin. (A. S. Barnes and Com-

The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl, (D. Appleton and Company.)

pany.)

Life's Common Way, By Annie Eliot Trumbull. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)

Long Will. By Florence Converse. (Houghton, Mifflin and Com-

Lord Leonard, the

Luckless. By W. E. Norris. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Lux Crucis. By Samuel M. Gardenhire. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Maids of Paradise. By Robert W. Chambers. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Masterfolk. By Haldane MacFall. (Harper and Brothers.)

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Pagan at the Shrine. By Paul Gwynne. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Pensionaires. By Albert R. Carman. (H. B. Turner and Company, Boston.)

Petronilla Heroven. By Una L, Silberad. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson. (Harper and Brothers.)

A Sequence in Hearts. By Mary Moss. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Song of the Cardinal. By Gene Stratton-Porter. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Violett. By the Baroness von Hutten. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

The Ye'low Van. By Richard Whiteing. (The Century Company.)

SHORT STORIES, LIGHT READING AND FUN.

An April Princess. By Constance Smedley. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

The Autobiography of a Beggar. By I. K. Friedman. (Small, Maynard and Company.) Cap'n Simeon's Store. By George S. Wasson. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Dr. Lavendar's People. By Margaret Deland. (Harper and Brothers.)

Gallots 2. By David Gray. (The Century Company.)

Idy's of the Gass. By Martha Wolfenstein. (The Macmillan Company.)

McTodd. By C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Pool in the Desert. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. (D. Appleton and Company.)

Questionable Shapes, By William Dean Howells. (Harper and Brothers.) Tea-Table Talk. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Dodg, Mead and Company.)

Under the Jackstaff. By Chester B. Fernald. (The Century Company.)

Zut and Other Parisians. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

BOOKS OF REFERENCE, ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHY
AND CRITICISM.

Agriculture for Beginners. By Charles W. Burkett, Frank L. Stevens and Daniel H. Hill. (Ginn and Company.)

Birds in Their Relation to Man, By Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Care of a House. By T. M. Clark. (The Macmillan Company.)

Essays on Great Writers. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

The Gentle Reader. By Dr. Samuel M. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.) Greek Sculpture; Its Spiril and Its Principles. By Edmund von Mach. (Ginn and Company.)

Overtones; A Book of Temperaments. By James Huneker. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Recollections and Impressions of James McNeil Whistler. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton, (The Macmillan Company.)

Rome and the Renaissance. By Julian Claczko. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks. (The Macmillan Company.)

William Ellery Channing. By John H. Chadwick. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.) F. B. K.

#### Modern.

 $S^{\rm IMPLE~SIMON~was~riding~on~a}_{\rm~Broadway~car.}$ 

"You must let me have your fare," said the conductor, "or get off."

"I'm glad to know," said Simple Simon, as he prepared to alight, "that

> there's some way of stopping the car."

BLUEJOWLS: Where is the manager to-day?

Propps: Oh, he has taken a telescope and gone down to a bathing beach to find out a leading lady for our new musical comedy.



#### ·LIFE·



THE SEASON OPENS AT THE FROGVILLE INN.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES

THE DOCTOR WHO PROLONGS A PATIENT'S ILLNESS BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN IT

#### Ballade of the Golfer in Love.

IN the "foursome" some would fain Find nepenthe for their woe; Following through shine or rain Where the "greens" like satin show; But I vote such sport as "slow,"-Find it rather glum and gruesome; With a little maid I know I would play a quiet "twosome"! In the "threesome" some maintain Lies excitement's gayest glow,-Strife that mounts unto the brain Like the sparkling Veuve Clicquot; My opinion? Nay, not so! Noon or eve or morning dewsome With a little maid I know I would play a quiet "twosome"! Bays of glory some would gain With grim "Bogey" for their foe; (He's a bogey who's not slain Save one smite with canny blow!) Yet I hold this tame, and though My refrain seems trite, 'tis truesome; With a little maid I know I would play a quiet "twosome"! ENVOY.

Comrades all who golfing go,

With a little maid you know

Happiness-if you would view some-

Haste and play a quiet "twosome"!

Clinton Scollard.

#### A True Lover.

"SAY that you will be mine!"
It was evening in Salt Lake City.
The pale moon had risen resplendent over the plains of Utah. For a moment the beautiful girl did not reply.
Then she said inquiringly:

"I am not the only girl you ever loved?"

"No, darling," replied her lover.
"Not quite. There are five others.
But you are the sixth."

There was a moment's silence, and then she said:

"I don't want to be selfish, dear. I am afraid that if you take me off on a trip the others will miss you too much." He smiled reassuringly.

"Have no fear of that," he replied.
"They are used to an occasional honeymoon on my part."

"But are you sure that you will not grow tired of me?"

"Never, darling. In proof of this, have I ever grown tired of the others?"

"But are you sure there is room?"
"My pet, there is always room for

one more."
Still the proud beauty hesitated. She



FULL FACE AND



FULL LENGTH.

thought of her simple home in Vermont. She thought of the ones she had left behind her.

"I cannot!" she said at last. "It would be too selfish of me. Behind me I have left four younger sisters all unprovided for."

But the tall, handsome, prospective United States Senator only folded her to his arms with renewed energy.

"Enough," he said almost sternly. "If this is all, have no fear. For your sweet sake, if necessary, I will marry them all." T. M.

"HE'S a chap of considerable education, isn't he?"

"Yes. I understand he is a graduate of a Boston kindergarten."



SUMMER OR



UMMER ORTS.



Peace to a Bad Season's Ashes.



HE most important event of the closing season-not so important in itself as in its bearing on the immediate future of the American stage-is the surrender of Mr. James K. Hackett to the Theatrical Syndicate. In the public and professional mind it makes the position of that organization impregnable, which means that dramatic art is to be tied beyond immediate release to the tail of Greed's chariot. It is important that Mr. Hackett stood for opposition and for a hope of independence, which, with his defeat, vanishes for the present. It is not to be believed that the Theatrical Trust is going to endure for all time. The bad times of the present season, to some extent, are based on a public disgust with the quality of entertainment which the Trust has provided, and on general resentment against the extortions which it has practiced. Of the Standard Oil Trust it has often been pleaded in extenuation of its alleged crimes and illegal acts that it has at least given the public better oil at lower prices. This cannot be said of the Theatrical Trust. On the contrary, it has given America worse theatrical entertainment and at very considerably higher prices. With the shortsightedness born of greed, it has

centered whatever of brains it commands on securing the commercial control of the theatrical business in America. It has hurt theatrical patronage at both ends—with those who would not pay exorbitant prices if they could find entertainment elsewhere on reasonable terms, and with those who were willing to pay well for anything they wanted, but would not pay for inartistic and inelegant shows.

Mr. Hackett has left Mr. Belasco and Mr. Fiske to fight against what look like overwhelming odds. He complains that those upon whom he might naturally have relied have not kept faith with him. This is not strange in a business where personal vanity and selfishness are such potent factors. Some actors and actresses have made great sacrifices to preserve their independence and self-respect against the assaults of the Trust, but, since the fight started, the story has in the main been one of lack of courage and lack of principle on the part of those who, with less of the ego in their cosmos, might have made the Trust an impossibility. The present remedy lies in the hands of the public. If the public patronizes such entertainments as the Trust has the ability to provide, it will get nothing better, and, if possible, considerably worse than it has been getting during the past season. If that patronage is withdrawn, the Trust will go the way of

all organizations which proceed on the theory that all the people can be fooled all the time. It is not true that bad art is better than no art, because bad art, especially on the stage, is a most potent agent in demoralizing taste, manners and morals. Better that the American passion for the theatre should die utterly and the field lie fallow than that it should grow only noxious weeds.

HE season has been wonderfully unproductive of successes, either artistic or pecuniary. With several new and attractive theatres, the record has been a monotonous one of short runs and costly failures. The successes have been few, and even those of not great importance, Barrie's curious "Admirable Crichton," Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," the imported

"Secret of Polichinelle," Thomas's "The Other Girl," Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," Mr. Bellew in "Raffles," Wister's "The Virginian," Belasco's "Bellairs" and Miss Tyree's season's end offering of a French play under the title of "Tit for Tat" stand out as the only strictly dramatic productions which have had runs of any length. In musical pieces there has been not much better success. "Three Little Maids," "Babes in Toyland," "The Girl from Kay's," "Babette," "The Yankee Consul," and "Piff, Paff, Pouf" are the only ones which have secured substantial recognition. George Ade's "County Chairman," which is in a class by itself, has been almost a permanency through the season, not so much as a play as a humorous appeal to public recognition of certain well-known American types.

This brief catalogue in a way sums up the season's accomplishment. There is not much in it to be proud of in the past or to give hope for the future. It gives no promise of the long hoped-for American dramatist and, notwithstanding the labored efforts of star-making managers, no great American actor has sprung into public notice. Proverb-mongers might give as a consolation for this state of affairs the old saws about darkness before dawn and the turning which comes to long lanes, but those conversant with the situation are more inclined to recall Shakespeare's "bad begins but worse remains behind." However, periods of great fertility are often preceded by periods of great decay. On this account it may be well that the Theatrical Trust should have absolute and despotic sway for a time. This will insure the decay all right, and then will be tested the important question of whether the American people, with all the material and educational advantages at their command, have any real artistically creative elements in their composition so far as the stage is concerned. There is no doubt that we like to be amused and that we pay liberally for our amusement. But to most of us the circus is quite as diverting or even more diverting than the best drama done in the best possible way. With a public of such discrimination we cannot expect a popular demand for anything much more exacting of attention and critical taste than the hackneyed musical comedy.

ERHAPS the solution will be found in the establishment of the endowed National Theatre which has been under discussion this winter. That institution would at least put out of business the theatrical oracle who believes that the Casino is the birthplace and home of the American drama, and that the consensus of opinion in the Tenderloin represents America's best taste and highest critical judgment. The project of a National Theatre has not yet assumed the form of brick and mortar, but the seed has been sown and the necessary millionaires may yet be brought to see the patriotic value of such an educational institution. The initial endowment would necessarily be great, but that would not be much of an obstacle, if those with the power to provide could only be



SPECULATION.

made to understand the value of such a theatre to the whole American people.

ND so, ring down the curtain on the season of 1903-04. It dies unregretted and unmourned except by those whose investments have met with—in most cases—deserved disaster. Let the dead past bury its dead Let us hope, even against hope, that next season's summary will give us greater cause to regret that another theatrical year has gone.

Metcalfe.

#### Two "Want Ads."

OLD STYLE.

WANTED: A hired girl to do housework and make herself generally useful. Wages two dollars a week and found. Apply at servants' entrance.

NEW STYLE.

Wanted: A service-lady, black or white, domestic or foreign, to accept five dollars a week with all the comforts of an elegant home and make herself generally ornamental. Parlor and bedroom with bath on third floor—elevator in house and man to run it.

She may receive her friends in the drawing-room, have seven evenings,



"MADAME, WON'T YOU TAKE THIS SEAT?"
"SIR, YOU FLATTER ME!"

mornings and afternoons off each week, have her own night key, and complain if the place isn't run to suit her. She will take orders from nobody, but it is hoped that she will listen to requests when properly made. Have a hand-played piano in the house, but will get the other kind if applicant is of musical tastes without corresponding accomplishment. Family will be glad to eat at second table. 'Telephone in house. Have horses and so forth, but will substitute automobile if desired. No dogs. Children will be sent to an asylum if not satisfactory. House of latest modern design in exclusive neighborhood. Employer will give bond for the discharge of her duties and asks nothing except that applicant will not "give notice," so that she (the employer) may tell her fashionable friends that she is not doing her own work. Applicant will please give address and employer will call on her before inviting her to the position offered. No references required.

## THE BOOKS

THE death of Guy Wetmore Carryl cannot but be deplored by all who watch with interest and with hope the younger generation of American writers, and the fact that the moment of his taking off coincides with the appearance of a book marking the definitive attainment of his literary majority doubly emphasizes the loss. The Transgression of Andrew Vane is a novel in the better sense of a word much sinned against. In character delineation, in style and story it shows a balanced talent. It gives a picture of Paris as brilliant in its utterly different way as that in The Ambassadors. It is decidedly a book worth while.

For two years we have been watching for Alice Brown to follow up her excellent work in *The Mannerings* and in *Margaret Warrener*, and even a volume containing some very good short stories, as does her *High Noon* just published, hardly satisfies our expectations. Many of these tales are inspired by the same introspective, semi-morbid phases of life that underlie much of Howells and of James, and perhaps the chief drawback to them is this faintly suggested comparison with better things.

Of late years it is not every day that we get the chance to see ourselves as we are seen by an English Baronet, and as Sir Philip Burne-Jones seems to have watched us quite closely, and not without a himorous twinkle in his eye, during his year's residence in America, his Dollars and Democracy is rather amusing. We suspect Sir Philip of a slight fondness for "toffy," but that confection is not unpalatable.

Sara Andrew Shafer's loving picture of a prairie village of the long ago, The Day Before Yesterday, is very typical and very genuine, and its appeal to those with like memories should be both tender and direct. But it just lacks the subtle touch, the drop of literary solvent, which would weld the present and the past by joining the warm imagination of a younger to the glowing reminiscence of an older generation.

On the other hand, Roy Ralph Gilson's Father and Mother, with Alice B. Stephens's beautiful illustrations, is sufficiently universal in its appeal and sufficiently permeated by just this simple elemental touch to make it universal. There is a breath of baby philosophy in it—only we should not call it philosophy, for fear of frightening many nice

people. For philosophy is like Belgian hare, many people considering it delicious when they do not hear its name.

Books upon old English porcelain are chiefly to be distinguished by the varying inclusiveness and technical excellence of their illustrations. Their little historical sketches of the industry at Bow, Leeds, Chelsea and elsewhere are always pretty much alike and—praterita nihil. Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson's How to Identify Old China contains some forty very good plates illustrating some hundreds of pieces, and to this extent is a handy addition to the publications on the subject.

Bog-Trotting for Orchids, a handsome volume by Grace Greylock Niles, illustrated by numerous reproductions in color from photographs, is almost entirely devoted to the orchids of New England, and especially to those found in the Hoosac Valley. The book is somewhat overburdened with local descriptions, but will prove suggestive to amateur collectors.

7. B. Kerfool.

The Transgression of Andrew Vane. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

High Noon. By Alice Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.) The Day Before Yesterday. By Sara Andrew Shafer. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Father and Mother. By Roy Ralph Gilson. (Harper and Brothers.)

How to Identify Old China. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. (George Bell and Sons, London. 5s.)

Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Greylock Niles. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

#### SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mr. Charles M. Skinner, the myth and legend expert, publishes two attractive volumes of American Myths and Legends (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, \$2.50), and Abbie Farwell Brown, a collection of queer folk tales called The Curious Book of Birds (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, \$1.10). The "David Harum" cult still flourishes in A. D. McFaul's Ike Gladden in Maine (Dickerman Publishing Company). Mark Twain has finished translating and now issues in book form his Extracts from Adam's Diary (Harper and Brothers, \$1.00). The crop of Spring poetry seems unaffected by the lateness of the season. We note The Fire-Bringer, a new Promethean drama by William Vaughn Moody (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, \$1.10); a new

collection of verses by Clinton Scollard. The Lyric Bough (James Pott and Company, \$1.25); The Beggar's Garden, by Ruth Lawrence (Brentano's, \$1.00), and Rhymes Without Reason, by Aubrey Hapgood (Frederick Warne and Company, \$1.00). Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's Little Stories are very little indeed-homœopathic stories, as it were, and of a high trituration at that (The Century Company, \$1.00). The Damsel and the Sage, by Eleanor Glynn, seems to be a collection of the epigrams which did not work into the clever "Elizabeth" and "Ambrosine" books—shall we say a few left-overs? (Harper and Brothers, \$1,25.) The Proud Prince, by Justin Huntley McCarthy, is a novelized drama dedicated to Mr. Sothern. There is a new edition of John Phænix's pioneer volume of Western humor, Phænixiana, illustrated by Kemble (D. Appleton and Company, \$2.00), and also a new illustrated edition of Theodore S. Van Dyke's The Still Hunter (The Macmillan Company, \$1.75). Two new books on athletics have appeared, both fully illustrated. One, Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods, by Irving Hancock, a companion volume to his Jiu-Jitsu (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25), and the other on Practical Track and Field Athletics, by John Graham and Ellery H. Clark (Fox, Duffield and Company). Professor Albert P. Brigham's Geographic Influences in American History, by the novelty of its method, is rather a striking combination of two familiar subjects (Ginn and Company, \$1.40). Finally, we have two volumes of cartoons. Hereabouts we take our newspaper cartoons day by day and are satisfied. Further West the collecting mania seems endemic, and we have a large volume of Bird Centre Cartoons, by John T. Mc-Cutcheon, gathered from a Chicago daily (A. C. McClurg and Company), and one of cartoons from an Ohio journal, by Harry J. Westerman (Edward T. Miller, Columbus, Ohio).

#### The Real Use of Watermelons.

DOWN in York County, Virginia, they are getting ready to make sugar out of watermelons. There is some sugar in watermelons, and it is possible, with due expenditure of fuel and effort, to get it out. But the great future of the watermelon does not lie in the direction of sugar. We shall not know what the potentialities of this fruit really are until Congress takes in real earnest to raising watermelons in the arid sections of the West for irrigation purposes.

FRIENDSHIP, like a farm, needs constant cultivation.



"BILTER SAYS HE ISN'T GOING TO DRINK A DROP WHILE HIS WIFE IS AWAY,"
"HOW STRANGE!"
"WELL, YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE TIME HE NEEDS IT THE LEAST."

#### · LIFE ·

#### A Philosopher on Himself.

HERBERT SPENCER'S autobiography, recently published by the Appletons, is great reading for the literary élite. Its dullness in spots is inexhaustible, and in other spots it reeks with psychologic, ontological, epistemological, a priori, a posteriori, transcendent, immanent and plain every-day human interest. It is important because it is racial, autochthonous. It is the very quintessence of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, with its strain of pomposity, its lack of humor, its assumption of authority, its insularity.

NE of the most remarkable things about the book is Spencer's naïve satisfaction in his own ignorance of other philosophers. Throughout the entire work-a work dealing minutely with his whole life from its beginning nearly to its close, and which records with perfect frankness his opinions on all subjectsthere is no mention of Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Hume or Locke. Hegel is barely referred to; Plato is sneered at, Spencer declaring that his dialogues seemed to him to be so much nonsense. Comte and his positive philosophy is mentioned just enough to show that Spencer knew nothing about him; and Kant is dismissed in a few lines of contemptuous reference. Spencer's whole acquaintance with Kant consisted of the reading of a few pages of the "Critique," and Kant's observations about time and space were so disagreeable to him that he laid the book down. Upon this casual inspection, taken in connection with a quotation from Kant that he had picked up somewhere, to the effect that there were two things that inspired Kant's awethe starry heavens above him and the conscience of man within, Mr. Spencer had the audacity to write an article severely criticising the German philosopher's ethical standpoint. At the time the article appeared, several Kantian scholars pointed out to Mr. Spencer that having read what Kant had written in a poor translation of the original, he had totally misconceived Kant's position. This, however, made no difference to Spencer. His true British temperament sustained him.

He calmly replied that he did not have time or strength to reply to his critics.

If Spencer had taken the trouble to study the history of philosophy, if he had even made himself acquainted with the bibliography of the theory of evolution, which, at the time his first book, "Social Statics," was published, was not inconsiderable, it is highly probable that his own books never would have been written at all. The late Lord Acton, who was said to be the most learned man in the Brutish Empire, and whose reading record was eight hours a day for thirty years, left practically no original works behind him. And the reason given at the time of his death was that having found that every department of human thought had been preempted, there was nothing more for him to add. If it be true that the sincere and thorough scholar is thus barred out at this late day from expressing himself, it seems almost paradoxical to state that Herbert Spencer's ignorance was in reality the cause of his philosophy; yet this conclusion seems not fully unjustifiable.

ON the other hand, it is but just to state that Spencer's very independence—his superiority to established forms—was the keystone of his real greatness. His father had early brought him up to believe



THIS CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN HAS TWENTY LOVERS, BUT SCORNS THEM ALL.

CAN YOU FIND THEM IN THE PICTURE?

that all education was bad that was not self-imposed, and if he leaned too far to the other extreme, if he lacked that scholarly humility which, before reaching a conclusion, demands a certain amount of patient investigation, it is by no means certain but what his lack in this direction was much more than compensated for in others. He dealt ponderous and effective blows to the university system; he proved that it was possible to write the English language with a clearness and precision rarely surpassed, and this with scarcely any knowledge of another tongue; and his little work on "The Philosophy of Style" is the last word that can ever be written on this subject, and deserves to be read and reread by every one who wishes to understand the true philosophy of writing.

T. M.

#### Joyous Liberty.

OVER in Boston, little eight-year-old Jimmy Spry sur prised his school-teacher with this outburst of confidence:

"Teacher, my mother is away; been away fortwo weeks; I was out to dinner last night; goin' out to dinner to-night—goin' where I please on Sunday; hain't had a bath for two weeks,"



Group of Home Office Buildings, The Prudential Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.

#### America's Gibraltar at the World's Fair.

By Herbert S. Houston.

Photographically Illustrated by Arthur Hewitt.

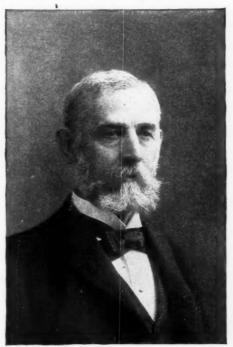
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has swung wide the gates of the World's Fair at St. Louis. Thousands of the readers of this publication are planning to visit this wonderful exposition, the greatest since men first measured their skill or their products in competition. It will have as its distinctive note, life and motion. Instead of products, the exhibits will be chiefly of processes. Among them will be one that interprets in a most interesting way the broad range of life insurance, one of the great forces in modern life. Few people have any conception of the relations of this force to all the other great forces that are upbuilding the nation-to commerce, industry, education, thrift, home protection and all the rest. But these relations are of the most vital and essential nature.

This Exhibit is also significant as marking the progress of America in the century that has passed since Napoleon ceded the vast Louisiana purchase to the struggling republic that was working westward from the Atlantic. That was an era of intense individualism. The spirit of collective endeavor came later, but when it did come it found wide expression in societies, associations and especially in the great insurance companies. One of these in particular, the Prudential, caught the democratic American spirit and followed it in a development that has been of the broadest character, one of the really notable achievements of modern times. Its Exhibit in the Palace of Education, which shows beautiful models of the Company's Life adv.

great buildings, will interest a lot of people because it reveals a record of growth that is sure to give a thrill of surprise to even the most wonder-proof of Americans.

Ten years after the close of the Civil War

—a period so recent that its history has



U. S. Senator John F. Dryden, President of the Prudential.

scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if fore-knowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York

Herald by Bennett, the elder, in a basement on Ann Street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than thatnothing else than the bed-rock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly among the masses the idea of life insurance protection. To them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection and a higher life."

And what has been the result of the democratic American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5.447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were \$2,232, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or \$72,712,435.44. The liabilities at the same time being \$62,578,410.81. This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the Middle West. and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than \$9,000,000 a year to more than \$39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based, it becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful and cxpansive.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis, consistent with strength and safety.

It does not write insurance abroad. In the fullest sense it has worked out the democratic idea of safe insurance for the great masses of the American people. It has adjusted its



Stairway Main Building.

policies to American conditions; it has based its dividends on the earning power of American investments; it has placed its premium rates on the American tables of vital statistics; in a word, it was intended to be and it has become an insurance company for the Life adv.



The Prudential Tower.

American people. And they have met the Prudential's broad American principles with a broad American support, and, as a result, the company's marvelous growth has come as naturally as the full ear on the stalk. But, as the full ear is always on a stalk that has been cultivated, so, too, the growth from the Prudential's principles has come through their spread by an organization that is a marvel of efficiency.

And right here is the most stirring chapter of the Prudential's rise to greatness. Just as Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kouropatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is essentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the center of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When seen it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds at the Government's experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy holders. And all the time the company was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea-But each time a more liberal policy was offered, it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growththe results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the end of ten years of this method of growth, the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premiums payable on any plan, either in weekly installments or at longer periods. Within the five years, 1886 to 1890 inclusive, the company's assets increased nearly five-fold, from \$1,040,-816 to \$5,084.895, and the amount of insurance in force from \$40,266,445 to \$139,163,654.

The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun.



Section of Ordinary Policy Department.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over 12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a wonderful esprit de corps.

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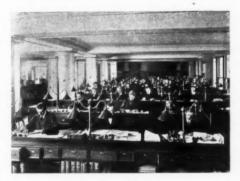
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There is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company. In



Section of One of the Divisions.

one of them is the Prudential's publishing plant, which, in equipment, surprising as this may seem, is equal to that of almost any publishing house in the country. Millions of booklets, two publications for the company one, "The Prudential," with a circulation of more than two millions—and the policies are all printed here, besides no end of commercial printing for the home office and for the district agencies. The big composing room, the press-room with its eighteen presses, the bindery with its folding, cutting, sewing and numbering machines, are models of cleanliness and light. But, for that matter, all the buildings are as spick and span as a man-o'war. There are subways, well-lighted, under the streets, connecting the different buildings. In every way there has been, in the arrangements, a conservation of energy and time to produce economy and efficiency in carrying on the company's vast business. As indicating how vast that is, the mail coming to and going from the Prudential is nearly as large as for all the rest of Newark, a city with more than 250,000 population and of great industrial importance. The mailing depart-Life adv.

ment is really a big city post-office. And in all the departments one gets the feeling of size that comes in the enormous government buildings at Washington. And it is as a national institution that the Prudential always fixes itself on the mind—its fundamental idea of democracy in insurance, its nation-wide organization for spreading the idea, its essentially American spirit throughout, all make the company worthy of its name, the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

To-day the Prudential is paying over 3co claims a day, or about forty each working hour. On many policies settlement is made within a few hours by the superintendent of the district; on the large policies a report is sent immediately to the home office and settlement authorized by telegraph. And on over forty-five per cent. of the claims more money is paid than the policy calls for. From the beginning the Prudential has followed lines of great liberality, whether in dealing with the family where the policy is kept in the bureau drawer, or with the estate of the millionaire.

It would be interesting to describe the broad activities that hum in the great buildings in Newark, but they would more than require an entire article themselves. So, too, with the equipment and furnishings of the buildings which, in the way of complete adjustment to their particular work, are probably unequalled in the world. For example, in the actuarial department is a card machine, invented by the actuary of the company, which can do all but think. But many of these things, in miniature, will be seen by the

thousands who go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. They will find in the Prudential's exhibit in the Palace of Education a fine model of all the buildings, and also the fullest data concerning life insurance that have ever been brought together.

But the last word about the Prudential is not told at any Exposition. It is found in the 5,500,000 policies which form a stupen-



Entrance to Main Offices.

dous exhibit on the value of life insurance in developing thrift, safe investment, and home protection in a nation. Of course, such an exhibit could never have been possible if the Prudential had not worked out safe policies that would meet the broad needs of the American people.





Her sleeves are 1830, And her skirt is '61. Her tresses in the manner Of Louis Quinze are done. Her hat is quite Colonial, Her brooch is pure antique. Her belt is 1850. But when you hear her speak, What year the maid belongs to You do not wonder more. Her dress is many periods, But her slang is 1904.

-Washington Post.

THE housekeeper who has known what it is to have unexpected guests will no doubt find sympathy welling within her heart at the plight of a woman in

Her husband had asked her to show some kindness to young officer of the militia to whom he had taken a fancy. She therefore despatched a note, in said: "Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of Captain Walnesday evening." White's company at supper on Wednesday evening."

She received a prompt and joyful reply, which read, "With the exception of the men who have other engagements, Captain White's company will come with pleasure."-Youth's Companion.

At a colliery, near Leeds, is a shaft with a staging round it, its height being considerably above the average of such erections in the West Riding. miner had fallen off this staging to the ground, and on recovering consciousness was offered a glass of water by one of the men who had picked him up. Looking at the water in disgust and amazement, he exclaimed, " - -, hoo fur doos tha' ha' to fall at this pit afore they gives yer brandy?"-Sporting

THE manner in which the Mormon Church manages to survive denunciation strengthens the suspicion that it is a trust .- The Washington Star.

Two little boys out in the gloaming with a gun. Suddenly something flitted by them, and was promptly brought to ground. Upon walking to the spot where fell, to their astonishment they saw the face of a white owl staring at them out of the grass. Said the marksman to his clum: "Come away, Johnny, come away, I've shot a cherubim by mistake."—Sport-



AN ATTACHMENT, 'TIS PLE.!

AN OLD CHAP WHO LIVED UP IN ME. HAD SOME WHISKERS OF WHICH HE WAS VE. IT MADE HIS FACE ACEE WHEN HE CAUGHT IN THE BRAKE ON THE END OF A LIMITED TRE.!

JOHN D. CRIMMINS, during his tour of Italy, did not neglect to visit the Florentine villa of Mark Twain. Mark Twain welcomed Mr. Crimmins and told him an amazing story.

"Lying," he said, "is a noble accomplishment, and it should be encouraged. When we hear a good lie we should repeat it, giving to the liar the praise that is his due.

"There is a good liar in Florence. His name is

Pietro. To incite Pietro to one of his loftiest flights I said to him the other day:

"'Did you ever hear, Pietro, of the fish that lived on frost?"

"'No,' said he.

"'Well, this fish,' I explained, 'haunts the Maine coasts. It comes ashore every morning before the sun has melted the frost, and from the rocks and tree trunks and grass blades it scrapes with its blunt teeth enough of this cold food to last it for the day. It can never be caught in the water, for the reason that it will not rise to hait. Sometimes, though, men catch it ashore with their hands. Its flesh is considered a delicacy and brings \$2.25 a pound.'

"Pietro sneered.

"'Now, I will tell you,' he said, 'about my uncle's mule. My uncle kept this mule in a wooden stable and he fed it on popcorn. One day the stable took fire, and the popcorn in the mule's stall, shooting up into the air, descended all about the unfortunate animal in soft, white flakes. These flakes the mule mistook for snow. He imagined that he was in a snow storm and froze to death." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Do you sympathize with Russia or Japan?" "I sympathize with the taxpayers in both countries."-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A SMALL boy, aged five, had a stepmother who was young and nervous. She had never had experience with children, and the small boy's slightest ailment tortured her into a panic.

Croup threatened one day, and the doctor was sent for in wild haste. As the doctor entered the room the child raised his head from his pillow and croaked hoarsely, in apology for the hasty summons:

"You must excuse her, doctor, this is the first time she's ever been a mother."—Lippincott's Magazine.

BROTHER TO THE Ox: Why is it that I work hard and bave nothing, while you don't work at all and have more than you need?

BROTHER TO THE Fox: I vote for my interests, while you vote the same ticket I do.
"I don't understand why, if we vote the same

ticket, I don't get half the benefits."

"I know you don't understand. That is the reason you don't get half the benefits."—Boone (Iowa) Independent.

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Established 1860

150 Varieties

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The Best Pens Made

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED":

Leaves New York 5.30 every afternoon via NEW YORK CENTRAL. Arrives Chicago 4.00 next afternoon via LAKE SHORE.



## TAKE-DOWN REPEATING SHOTGUNS

The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one.

See our Exhibits at St. Louis, in Manufacturers and Fish and Game Buildings,

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors 29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.

THE diversity of the St. Louis Exposition is thus dilated upon by the Evening Past.

On the "Pike" at St. Louis we are doubtless to see the Laplanders and the Eskimos "just as they are in their far-away homes in the frozen North,' rubbing elbows with the inadequately clad natives of Dahomey and Surinam, but the most interesting of the contrasts which a universal exposition affords will appear in the simultaneous meeting of the Association of Press Humorists and the Missouri Funeral Directors' Association. Whether it is

a mere accident that these two bodies hit upon the same date, or a careful plan to keep an equable temperature at the fair in frivolities as in other things, does not appear from the record. It is most fitting, in any case. Just as the restaurant keeper rejoices above all things when Mr. Jack Spratt and his good wife come to dine, knowing that he will be paid for a separate set of dishes for each one, so the diverse attractions of the fair, from fine specimens of stone cutting to roof gardens, should find many patrons in the week when grave and gay so amicably meet.



ROUCH & FITZGERALD 161 BROADWAY. 688 BROADWAY 723 SIXTH AVENUE





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BE LAZY and take it easy, as you can do by wearing the "Lightweight" PRESIDENT SUSPENDER—two ounces.

Any store 50c. and \$1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MEG. CO. How are fine the property of th

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TRAL



A LOVER'S PLEA FOR PARDON.

I have wrote and I have went
For to see you and explain
That there wasn't nothing meant
When I kicked you in the brain.

I weren't mad ner nothin'—but Jus: a jokin', so to speak, When I slashed that little cut In the middle of yer cheek.

Yuh won't let no things like that Separate us, will yuh, Hat?
—Sphinz.

#### INFANTS THRIVE

on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates.

ONE of the last stories told to Andrew Carnegie before his recent departure for Europe amused him greatly. "Don't give unless you really feel you would enjoy doing so." said a father to his young son, who showed a disposition to shun the contribution-box, "for you know the Lord loveth only the cheerful giver." The boy was silent for a moment. Then he blurted out: "Gee, He must be dead stuck on Andrew Carnegie!"—Argonaut.

Typographical "errors" are often so fearfully and wonderfully made as to arouse suspicion. Thus there was consternation in the office of the Chicago American recently, and all excuses and loud asseverations on the part of proofreaders availed not. There it was in big black type on the first page:

"MICHAEL FARLEY DEAD FROM HEARST DISEASE."

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.

We all have our trials at the telephone, but we do not usually hear "Central's" opinion of us. A San Francisco lawyer, who had been trying for ten minutes or more without success to get the number he asked for, at last gave vent to his annoyance in very strong language. His wife, who was standing near, said, persuasively, "Let me try, dear." Then, in a gentle voice, which was intentionally a strong contrast to his angry tones, she called, "Hello, Central!" Her husband distinctly heard "Central" answer promptly, "Just a moment, madam. There is a crazy man on the line. Let me settle him first."—Argonaut.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

JEMIMA: Why does dat Paderoosky McGinnis wear his hair so long?

MINERVA: Why, don't yer know dat he's de champeen mouth-organ player of de block?—Chicago Daily News.

"Gayboy told me a month or two ago that his physician had limited him to one whiskey a day, but he doesn't look as if he had reformed."

"He hasn't. He went to four other doctors, and each one gave him the same directions. He's following the advice of all five of 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

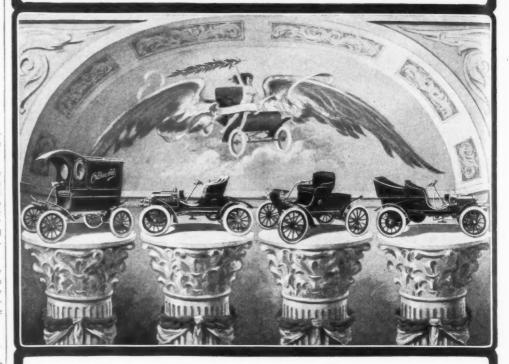
CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri, attended exercises in a kindergarten school, the other day. "Have any of you ever seen an elephant's skin?" Mr. Clark asked the youngsters.

"I have," shouted one little fellow.

"Where?" asked Mr. Clark, impressed with the voungster's earnestness.

"On the elephant," he answered .- Argonaut.

# Oldsmobile in the Hall of Fame



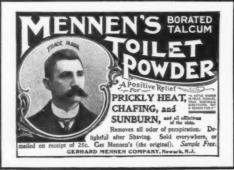
Delivery Wagon \$850 Touring Runabout \$750 Standard Runabout \$650 Light Tonneau Car

Five years of unparalleled service have enshrined forever the Oldsmobile in the Hall of Fame; proclaimed it in every land—the best thing on wheels.

The superior merits of our line of cars are acknowledged by automobile experts. They are the standard by which others are tested. If you are interested and wish full particulars call on our nearest sales agent or write direct to Dept. J.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

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### A New York Novelty.

[A "coming out" reception was lately given by Mrs. Horace Stetson, of New York, in order to introduce her sons to society.—Morning Leader.]

THE Yankees, ever on a quest For aught that savors of variety, Have introduced a function new To recreate New York society; For, just as now, a special ball The maiden's "coming out" enhances, So, for the future, are young men To be "presented" at such dances!

One thing will certainly ensue: The "coming out" young men, if clever, Will, aided by this new send-off, More strongly now "come out" than ever. So doubtless all those proud mammas Who have been favored to beget sons Will act upon the precedent Set up at Mrs. Horace Stetson's.

What's more, those now unseen young men, Whom "mommers" have no chance to harry, May, when "presented" fall a prey To mothers who have girls to marry. In short, the Introduction Dance, For bashful, reticent and shy men, Can hardly fail sometimes to prove A helpful stepping-stone to Hymen! -London Truth.

#### Verbatim.

OURNALISM in London seems to be about the same as it is in America, judging from the following, taken from the London Mail:

EDITOR: How do you do? Won't you sit

LADY: Thank you very much. I hope I'm not interrupting your work.

"Not at all."

"I won't keep you a moment. You have read Mr. Richardson's letter of introduction, have you not?"

"Yes. He says something about a fashion article. Of course, our arrangements with re-

"Oh, yes, I know. I simply mentioned fashions to Mr. Richardson because that seemed the most likely thing. But, as a matter of fact, I would much rather do you something in the way of society notes or something of that kind. You see, I know a great many people in society, such as-

"I'm afraid we have no opening in that direction. Our society-

"Of course, what I really meant was the sort of thing that the ordinary lady journalist, for instance, couldn't get hold of, such as house parties and-

"I'm afraid-"

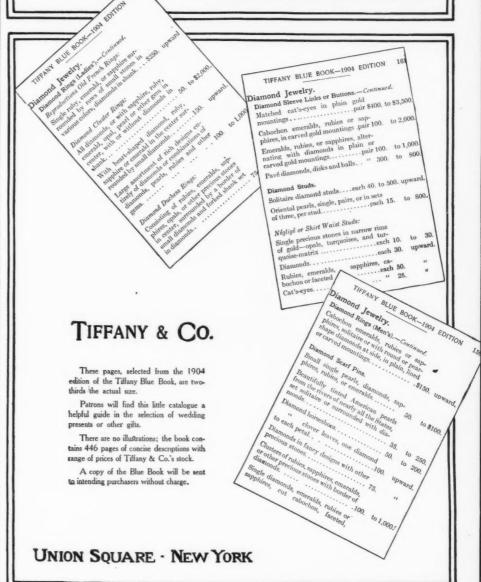
"Private receptions and---"

"No, I'm afraid--'

"All that sort of thing, don't you know. I should be very pleased to send you in some specimen notes so that you could see whether might be suitable for your paper. It's ratherthey were likely to be of any use to you."

"I don't like to trouble you to do that. As a matter of fact, we have no use for that class of work at all. You might try-

# LEAVES FROM THE TIFFANY BLUE Book



Adv. Form, 1410 H

"Mr. Richardson suggested that I might write you a short story. You do have a short stories are about a quarter this length." story every week, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, but---"

"I brought a story with me that I thought oh, yes, here it is. I was going to say it's there's nothing like variety, I suppose, is Good-morning!" [She goes out.]

"I'm afraid this is far too long for us. Our

"I see. At any rate, you might just read it through, and then, if necessary, I could cut it down a little."

"Oh, I'll look through it with pleasure, Good-morning."

"Good-morning. Thank you so much. Oh, rather longer than you usually have, but I was nearly forgetting my purse. Thank you.

"Send that back about the end of the week."



# For the True Sportsman (or Woman)

No other Reel makes a Battle with the Finny Tribe so alluring as a

## "Y and E" Automatic

THE AUTOMATIC FEATURE: To automatically control the tension of the line so that no slack will be given, no matter how swiftly your fish may turn.



¶ THE FREE-RUNNING FEATURE: Simply press a slide, making your Reel free-running (just like any other

> Reel) or automatic. Make your cast free-running; reel in your line by releasing a spring instead of winding a crank like fury.

> > Write today for our new and complete Reel Booklet No. 104 - When Pardner was Mascot"-the exciting story of the biggest Rainbow Trout ever landed.

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# Spring Meeting

# **Brooklyn** Jockey Club

CRAVESEND, L. I.

From Thursday, May 26, to Wednesday, June 15

**OPENING DAY** THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP of \$20,000

Trains from Brooklyn Bridge and from Long Island City direct to Track

Boxes for the Meeting can be had by addressing the Secretary

F. REHBERGER Secretary P. J. DWYER

### STATE CAPITOL. DENVER

From this building upon a cloud-less day, the front range of the Rocky Mountains stretches out, Rocky Mountains stretches out, a glorious panorama from the Spanish Peaks in the south to the Laramie Hills in Southern Wyoming, a distance of nearly 400 miles, in one sweep of the vision, bringing Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, Mount Evans and Mount Rosalle into view.

The Fast Trains to

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A dramatic story of Russia by the author of "The Gadfly," "Jack Raymond."

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By GEORGE MORGAN Illustrated, \$1.50

"The most powerful novel of the year." The Bookman.

# PIGS IN

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**Publishers** 

Philadelphia



A LITERARY DIGEST

VERY FOND OF GOOD BOOKS WAS YOUNG PRANG. FOR DINNER HE'D START IN WITH LANG; HE'D WASH DOWN BILL NYE WITH SOME JAMES, EXTRA DRY; FOR DESSERT GEORGIE'S FABLES IN SLANG.

SURBRUG'S

# rcac

MIXTURE.

"When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia." J. M. Barrie.

#### "First Boy In."

SHIRT'S in a knot an' it ain't on right? Hair's p-plastered against my head? Lips bub-bub blue an' my fingers white? Huh? I reckon my eyes is red! Teeth ch-chatter an' I l-look sick? Wob-wob-wobble-in' with my chin? Just g-got out o' th' cr-cr-crick. Br-r-r-r! But I was th' first one in!

Say! Th' was me an' th' Gr-Green boys, Hicksey Murphy an' Bub-bill Brown-Fi-b-b-but my teeth make a lot o' noise! We wen-went to th' edge o' town Where th' will-willows grows up so thick; I sh-sh-shed to th' very skin, Then gr-r-r-r! I was in th' crick. Out again-but th' first one in.

Bub-bill ast me if it fel-felt cold. "No," I sa-said, "it's warm an' nice." Big a li-lie as I ever told-Hon-hon-honest, it's worse 'n ice, All th' others, they di-dived quick; I got out on th' bank to grin. Gee! They sputtered there in th' crick! Just th' same, I's th' first in.

Ma called to me when I started out-Said to sta-stay on our own street, She'll want to know what I been about-I'm goin' home to ge-get some heat. Tee-teeth chatter, my hair is slick. Trem-trem-tremble-in' in my chin-Say! It's dandy dow-down th' crick! Honest, I was th' first one in.

-Chicago Tribune.

FOR the past few years walking-sticks have been more generally used by the gentlemen of the frock coat," says the Sartorial Art Journal; "they will, however, be seen on all occasions during the spring and summer season. The well-groomed man carries his walking-stick to business for service all through the day. It would be quite impossible to say what style of handle is most favored. Each is good if not clumsy in treatment. Thoroughbreds carry the cane for service rather than to twirl in the hand."

#### Motto for a Newspaper.

"ELL the truth, and shame the printer's

### COLLVER TOURS

A small party sails JULY 2, returning September 10, for

JAPAN NEVER SO SPECTACULAR NEVER MORE SAFE

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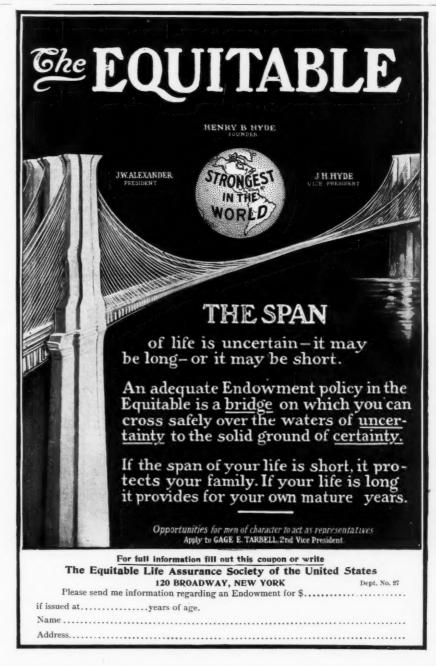
Abou-Ben-Krow, the Great Mimic: MY NEXT IMITATION, HENS AND ROOSTERS, WILL BE THAT OF A COLLEGE MAN GIVING HIS CLASS YELL.

# SOZODON

TEETH AND BREATH.

USE WITH

# SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



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talking machine will reproduce the notes and the noise; but the charm of soundthat beauty and expression for which we prize music-is reproduced only by

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What Grocers Say of Yacht Club Salad Dressing. Sold Tildesley & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Yacht Club Salad Dressing is an article I am glad to recommend to my most exacting trade. We dispose of more Yacht Club Salad Dressing than all other dressings and relishes combined, and get new customers for it daily. Wherever it is given a trial, it is always wanted regularly afterward.

8 and 10 Ess 47th 8 

8 G. WIDMANN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Aug. 20, 1901.
Tildesley & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Difficulty in obtaining a salad
dressing to equal in freshness and delicacy of
flavor that made at home had caused salad
dressing to be a slow seller with us. Some
years ago we presented to our patrons your
Yacht Club Salad Dressing, and our sales on
this item have since increased tenfold. by Grocers World E. G. WIDMANN. W. S. HENDERSON.

Relish in Warm Weather Yacht Club Salad Dressing

Try it with Fresh Lettuce, Tomatoes, Beets, Onions, Cucumbers, Spinach, Cabbage, Celery and Cold Slaw

> Always fresh and delicate in flavor-and absolutely pure. There is positively no flat or "store" taste about Yacht Club Salad Dressing

Take It to Picnic, Camp and Summer Cottage

Simply send us your grocer's name and address and you will receive a copy of "Table Don't Pay Out Your Money Helps for Housewife and Hostess," by Janet McKenfor a Salad Recipe Book tains more than a hundred rare recipes for salads, sandwiches, sauces and deviled dishes, and tells how best to serve fresh vegetables, cold meats, fish, baked beans, etc. Write for it today. We send it free.

Tildesley & Co., 249 Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

TRIED and toughened old person whose vital tenacity has defied the laws of hygiene for the greater part of a long life can scarcely be expected to comprehend their importance in general, and still less to appreciate some of their manifestations in particular, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, who is one of the "saints with a sense of humor," delights in telling the experience of the Hull House workers with a poor and aged woman to whom they found it necessary to supply nourishing

It was food of the best, as appetizing as nutritious-or so it seemed to them-provided at their order from a hygienic kitchen which they frequently and appreciatively patronized themselves. It included, naturally, however, a generous proportion of "health foods"; and "health foods" are an innovation to which elderly palates cannot always accustom them-

Miss Addams asked the old lady one day how she liked her meals. She was a grateful and polite old lady, and worded her answer as delicately as she knew how; but she was truth-

"Well, I suppose it's good," she said, hesitatingly, "but-I'd ruther eat the things I'd

After that, by Miss Addams's order, she was allowed to live on pie and baker's bread and fried things, according to her taste. She had done so for so long that her hygienic but sympathizing friends resigned themselves to the belief that she had become immune to the effects of such food.-Youth's Companion.

THE decorator had just made his estimate, "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the householder. "You go ahead and decorate the house, and then I'll give it to you in payment of your bill."

"No," replied the decorator. "I couldn't afford to take the house for more than half payment."-Chicago Evening Post.

FLIPP: I hear that they use all sorts of materials in the manufacture of illuminating gas, nowadays.

FLOPP: True. They even make light of the consumers' complaints.-Chicago Daily News.

# **Letters of Credit**

**Exchange Checks** For Use of Travellers

## **Guaranty Trust Company**

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#### A Book Review.

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To those misguided folk who rant about millionaires and monopolies I heartily recommend Mr. Rockefeller's latest book, "Why God Gave Me the Oil Fields." In this interesting work the Oil King proves by Scriptural precedent that he was justified in doing the deeds and people necessary to accomplish his object. "According to Scripture," says he, "no man shall covet his neighbor's property. But supposing that property is just what he needs to successfully carry out his designs? Surely the only thing a religious man can do is to gain possession of that property before he begins to covet it."

At another time he says: "The Biblical injunction, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,' has been a source of great satisfaction to me and has proven very helpful when apparently insurmountable difficulties confronted me. I simply put my left hand behind my back and with my right wrote the orders and instructions which cleared my path of greedy rivals. By thus literally obeying Biblical commands, I pleased my God and furthered my own interests, thus, as it were, killing two birds with one stone." Again the author says: "By dint of long and careful study, in which I was greatly assisted by certain clerical friends of mine, I found that many of the Scriptural injunctions were really not intended to be taken literally, and that many of them were capable of several constructions. The reader can readily imagine with what relief I often found that a divine command which seemed absolutely to forbid me to take a certain step, after careful study was found to recommend the very thing which at first it seemed to forbid." The book abounds in interesting passages such as those just m interesting passages such as those just quoted, and each of the fifty-seven chapters will repay careful study, especially those entitled, "What Jesus really meant," "Popular misconception as to the True Meaning of Certain Parables," "Why I approve of Religion," and "Why the Church and its Ministers think so highly of Me." The book should have a tremendous sale among actual and would-be billionaires as well as among and would-be billionaires as well as among the pastors of fashionable churches.—The

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LIFE'S LATEST CIRCULAR

"A FEW SUGGESTIONS"

UPON REQUEST



THE reports from the Far East always leave you in doubt as to whether it is a fresh battle or a fresh correspondent.

-The Washington Post.

THE man who agrees to preside over the Democratic Convention at St. Louis ought to come in for a slice of Mr. Carnegie's hero money .- The Columbus Despatch.

YOUNG preacher was recently called upon to officiate at a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase and said instead: "The congregation will now please pass around the bier."

-Exchange.

UST now, with things so stirred up in the Far East, it may be interesting to know tnese few simple facts about the yellow races, things that are probably not realized by the most intelligent Chinese laundryman of Brooklyn who has never missed a session of his Sunday School: The Mongolian hair is the most liotrichian

known to man, but his skull is hyperbrachycephalous with a cephalic index that beats 87,

This, of course, is the extreme limit of brachycephalism. It makes the face look like a lozenge, while the orbital apophyses connect with the cheek bones.

No less interesting is the fact that the Mongolian skull is generally phænozygous, with its zygomatic arch more or less convex. Nevertheless, a comparison of the nasal and maxillary dimensions suggests a platyrrhinian.

Although the dental arch is hardly what you would call prognathous the mandible has a very angular symphysis.

Concerning all the yellow races it may be safely asserted that they have a very large polymorphism.

It should be borne in mind that while, as stated above, the Mongolian skull is hyperbrachycephalous the Turk's head is only subbrachycephalous.

Because of intermarriage with the Hos the Tonquin people are tall and mesaticephalous.-American Standard.

MORMON once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. "Well," said the humorist, 'how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"-Argonaut.

T seems that when the Russians crossed frozen Lake Baikal they acquired an incurable case of cold feet.

-The Baltimore American.

# W. L. DOUGLAS

\$10,000.00 will be paid to any one who can prove that W. L. Douglas does not make and sell more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

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W. L. Douglas High-Grade Boys' Shoes, \$2.00 and \$1.75.

Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded everywhere to be the finest patent leather yet produced. FAST COLOR EYELLETS USED EXCLUSIVELY.

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### Some Modern Recipes.

HINDU HASH.

THIS is a very favorite twentieth century dish and can be prepared and served at short notice.

Procure one dark-skinned, well-favored Swami-newly imported ones are the bestadd to this a large measure full of hysterical women, sprinkling in pinches of "thought circles," "vibrations" and "Krishnu worship" to taste.

Place all together for a season in Carnegie Hall. When ingredients are well heated, serve quickly-in straight jackets!

DAINTY DANGLERS-AN ENTRÉE.

Pick from the market a pink-hued young man between the ages of 20 and 30 years. Truss the arms together with a heavy-headed silver cane. Dust well with powdered soft nothings, then tie up with the apron strings of a married woman. After roasting before the fire of the Wicked World, this dainty morsel may be served with calves' brain sauce.

#### DIVORCES-A DESSERT.

This, although a cheap preparation, is not a favorite one with the lower classes, and may be served with impunity to the Four Hundred. Take from your spice box five pounds of matrimony and put into an ungreased pan. Add equal measures of bad temper, selfishness and lack of self-control. Smother the whole with idleness. A crust of discontent will soon form over the top. When this preparation has simmered for a few months, prick the crust, and the Divorce will be ready to serve.

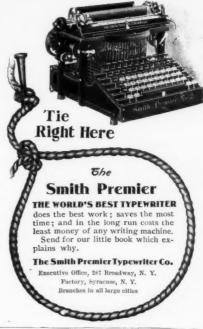
THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

This dish is welcomed by housekeepers in this and all other countries.

Take three pounds of angel to two pounds of devil, a pound of beauty, and two of charm, with sentiment and learning to suit. Stir well for eighteen years. Then serve with masculine sauce.-New York Sun.

THE Government's Philippine show at St. Louis, which was expected to cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has cost nearly a round million up to date. This may be termed a typical Philippine exhibit.-The Boston Herald.







## BROWNSVILLE ON IT Dainty, Delicious Wholesome



Brownsville Water Crackers were the best fifty years ago—they are the best to-day—the crackers for particular people

Ask your grocer for them



NOT long ago the genial superintendent of a public school was asked by one of his youthful friends to listen to the latter's rehearsal of a lesson, in which there was a reference to Atlas.

" Do you know who Atlas was?" asked the superintendent,

"Yes, sir. He was a giant who supported the world,"

"Ah! Supported the world, did he?" went

on the superintendent. "Well, tell me who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow looked as though he had not given the subject any particular attention, but showed immediate willingness to think it over. The superintendent stood looking on, trying hard to keep back a smile; but the youngster finally brightened up and answered:

"Well, I think he must have married a rich wife."

A YOUNG Scotch minister, with an exalted opinion of his forensic powers, said one morning to his man in the kirk: "I don't think, John, I need put the gown on, it's only an encumbrance, though some folk seem to think it makes a preacher more impressive."

VERGER JOHN: Aye, aye, sir, that's just it; it makes ye mair impressive, an' ye need it, sir, ye need it.—Sporting Times.

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On the reverse side of *Veribest* wrappers are printed full and complete instructions as to how and when to use *Veribest* canned meats. The recipes are all new, simple and practical; they embody numerous uses of canned meats other than the conventional—the suggestions are many and varied; in fact, by the aid of this Cook Book, with every can, canned meats become an article of daily use. This feature is a distinct innovation, inaugurated with and confined to our new brand of *Veribest* canned meats—naturally you want the *Veribest*